THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

——quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(*Continued from page* 212.)

LETTER X.

Geneva.

My dear E——,

We got to Ville Franche about 8, and the next day to Mons: you will think our progress a slow one, if, as is not improbable, you follow us on the map. The reason was, that, at first, we turned aside to see a place, where the canal is carried over a small river, in an aqueduct of masonry, and then again to visit Naurose, the highest point between the two seas, on the line of the canal, where the Inspector of the works lives, and, drawing his resources from reservoirs at a distance, supplies either side of him with water, as he is informed it is required. The principal of these is, the reservoir of St. Feneol, which, to my very great regret, I had it not in my power to visit. This enormous basin is 160 feet deep, and 14,468 feet round; it is formed by a circle of mountains, and confined at the only outlet by a wall, which is 234 feet thick. The Inspector put me in mind of Virgil's Æolus, directing the fury of the winds, at pleasure, from the hollow mountain, which served him as a palace; he was civil to us, however, notwithstanding his empire over an element as formidable as the winds, and explained all the particulars of his employment, with great good nature. He then showed us his garden, in which were espaliers and dwarf apple trees: many of these last, though not a foot high, had several apples, which seemed out of all proportion large. We passed more quickly than I could have wished, by the ancient city of Carcassone, whose walls seem-

ed as old as those of Troy, and whose dismantled castle would have suited us exactly, had we been in the situation of Lamotte and his family, (you remember Lamotte,) it was gloomy and terrifick in the extreme, and no path could be discovered leading up to it. We began now to perceive fig-trees, in abundance, and greater quantities of Indian corn: as to the roads, nothing that I could say could give you an idea of their magnificent perfection. There are causeways for miles together, kept up by stone walls, and handsome bridges, wherever an accidental torrent from a winter shower might, sometimes, make the water a foot deep. Arthur Young's Tour through France will give you proper ideas on this subject, and a great deal of other information. We now quitted the direction of the canal, and proceeded towards Narbonne, across a country similar to that we had hitherto travelled through for scenes of plenty and population; but with this difference, that olive trees began to appear, and the herbs, which grew by the road side, were either thyme or sweet marjoram: in the villages which we passed, as well as in the fields, the people were busily employed in their vintage: several of the men had their legs red with the juice of the grape, and one young lady, with her petticoats neatly tucked up about her knees, was making wine in a tub by the door of her house. We dined at Narbonne, once so distinguished in Roman history, as giving name to a large portion of Gaul, but now distinguished for little more than the honey, which is made in its neighbourhood. At a time when the ocean was navigated in much smaller vessels than at present, Narbonne was more of a sea-port, than it is now and Cæsar embarked thence, after escaping the effects of a conspiracy, which he seems never to have known of. The communication with the Mediterranean, was then kept up, as it is now, by means of a canal and a lagoon; but this canal has of late years, been joined to that of Languedoc, and is far more than sufficient for all that exists of trade and intercourse at Narbonne, and in its neighbourhood. There were once to be found here very considerable remains of Roman architecture, but they have been sacrificed, on various occasions, to the defence of the town, and to the construction of those antique walls, which still retain a very respectable appearance.

The Episcopal residence of former times, (I am not certain to what use it has been since applied) looks like the palace of a Prince, and the Cathedral is one of the most stately and solemn buildings I ever beheld. The Sacristan, who attended us, told us, with tears in his eyes, of the ravages, and of the horrible outrages committed during a period of the revolution; when it was fashionable to decry and to destroy everything any way connected with religion. His family had filled the same office, from father to son, for the greater part of two centuries, and the Cathedral was to him the Holy of Holies: he pointed out to us, with honest pride, certain sacred ornaments, as we walked about the church, which he had found means to secrete, and some valuable pictures, which he saved in the same manner. I observed too, that the workmen were at that moment, employed upon the great organ, which had been very much mutilated.

From Narbonne to Beziers, the road is short, and we arrived at a very early hour, through crowds of people returning into town from the vintage of the day: some very pretty girls were of the number, and mounted, two at a time, upon asses, with old and young people, and children in carts, and servants, carrying baskets of grapes on their heads. It seemed a procession in honour of Bacchus. We here joined the line of the canal again, and, admiring the neighbouring hills, whose sides were covered with olive trees, we drove up a very steep ascent, under an ancient gateway, into

a narrow street, which conducted us to our inn. Mulberry trees had become common for the last two or three posts, and we were now in a country where wine, oil, grain of all sorts, and honey abounded. Read what Young says of the locks at the commencement of the canal at Beziers, and of the subterranean passage at Malpas, for I could give you but a very incorrect idea of either. It rained excessively the next day, and was so cloudy that we could see nothing, not even the Mediterranean, though we were frequently upon very high ground and within a few miles of it.

We were disappointed also in not being able to see and to admire the approach to Montpelier, of which we had heard a great deal, as we did not arrive until after night, and during a hard rain. I had observed during the day, however, that the country rose in gentle hills, and that there was a profusion of all that could cheer the heart of man, amid towns, and villages, and castles, and country houses, and that these last were in a style of greater magnificence, and in greater numbers as we approached the city.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

Ode on the death of a favourite cat.

Trifling as the ode on the death of a favourite cat was probably held to be by Mr. Gray, and as it is denominated by his criticks, it furnishes many topicks of remark. Dr. Johnson has been unusually diffuse;—"the poem *on the cat* was doubtless considered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, *the azure flowers that blow*, show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the cat, is called a nymph, with some violence, both in language and in sense; but there is good use made of it when it is done; for, of the two lines,

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

The first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that a favourite has no friend; but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glister'd* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned?"

"This ode," says Mr. Wakefield, "is, beyond all dispute, the least excellent of all Mr. Gray's productions; but the cause of this inferiority must be sought for in the tenuity of the subject, which was incapable of great things: and not in the meanness of its execution, or the imbecility of *his* genius. A gayety of imagination, and a spriteliness of humour, invested with melodious verse and elegant expression, are its undoubted recommendations; and of what other excellence was such a simple event susceptible."

Allowing for the ill humour with which Dr. Johnson writes, we are not indisposed to admit his objections to this ode. In describing the fish as *angel forms*, and denominating the cat a *nymph*, and *presumptuous maid*, the poet has only assumed the indisputable privilege of elevating his subject, and giving an allegorical turn to his narration. Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his concluding criticism; that *all that glistens is not gold* is nothing to the purpose; but here it may be agreeable to extend the observation. If we reconsider the poem, it is evident that Gray's design in the composition, was to produce a moral fable, and so relate the story as that it should equally evince the fatal consequence of a cat's heedlessness in catching fish, and beauty's in catching gold. If he have failed in so simple an undertaking, it is not easy to excuse him; and yet, if we decide impartially, we must allow that the failure has happened, in as far as the concluding lines do not express what is intended. The *angel forms* which occupy the place of the *beauteous forms*, as originally written,

are intended to create an equivoke between *fish* and *lovers;* between *gold-fish* and *gilded beaux*. They betray a *golden gleam* irresistibly captivating; for,

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

as if it were said, how could she be indifferent, as she was female, to gold, or, as she was a cat, to fish?

What follows!

The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in.

In the next stanza, which is one of the best, the poet forgets his allegory, and runs after another moral; insomuch that he is scarcely entitled to begin that which succeeds it with the form of deduction, *From hence:*

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.

This is the natural inference to be drawn; but, why *undeceived?* Beauties may need to be *admonished* but not *undeceived*, upon the consequences of a false step; they labour under no *deception* upon this subject: the true precept is that which follows,

And be with caution bold.

But, the *deception* that was in the poet's mind belongs to that which *glistens but is not gold*, matter which had no connexion with the subject, and in introducing which he has sacrificed all perspicuity of thought, and created a confusion which cannot be concealed: the stanza ends—

Not all, that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

There is not a particle of sense in these lines as applied to the fate of the cat. She died not through any mistake of one thing for another, but through want of caution. She stretched to reach what she believed to be fish, and fish it was; so that what glistered *was* gold. *Lawful prize* is a very poor expression. The poet does not mean *lawful* but *valuable*. But here he quite forgets his argument; which is, to *be with caution bold*. The story of the cat may properly inculcate *caution*, but has nothing to do with *discrimination*.

There is one particular, however, with respect to which we are of an opinion decidedly opposite to that of Dr. Johnson and of Mr. Wakefield, by whom, in this instance, he is followed. We allude to the exception taken to the phrase, *the azure flowers that blow;* but before we submit what we have to offer in its defence, we shall quote the stanza, together with Mr. Wakefield's criticism:

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

"*The azure flowers that blow.*

"This is, perhaps, the only redundancy that the most scrupulous examiner would be able to detect in Gray. For, *the flowers that blow*, if intended in contradistinction to *flowers unblown, or in the bud*—is a trivial and unmeaning thought. Milton acquits himself with much more happiness and dexterity:

Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks *that blow*
Flowers of more mingled hue,
Than her purfled scarf can shew."

COMUS, 992.

So far are we from thinking the expression defective, that we regard it as possessed of one of the highest beauties of composition. That in which the verb which might be of a general import, is made specifick; thus, in the line,

Though mountains *rise* and oceans *roll* between.

The general meaning is, though *mountains and oceans* ARE *between;* but can this latter expression stand a comparison with the former, in which not abstract being, but the mode of being is presented to the mind? To write in this manner is to paint with the pen, it is to fix the mind upon the colours and forms of a picture.

It is thus in the line of Gray. He did not mean, as in Johnson's inter-

pretation, *the flowers* THAT *blow*, distinguishing them from *flowers that* DO NOT *blow*; nor, as in that of Mr. Wakefield, *the flowers that* BLOW, and not those only *in the bud*; as in the lines of Milton, the verb active,—banks that BLOW, that is, that produce flowers: he meant the flowers ARE ON the vase's side; and, to express himself picturesquely poetically, he says, the flowers, not that ARE, but that BLOW on the vase's side. We might cite, if leisure allowed, or necessity required, a thousand examples of this beauty in writing; we shall content ourselves with stamping it with our warmest approbation, and with recommending it to practice: thus, if a poet had to describe hills that are in a picture, we should be glad to see him, in defiance of false criticism, or misapprehension, write—

The purple hills that *rise*.

LEVITY.

For The Port Folio.

To the Editor of The Port Folio, or his Agent, or either of the Correctors of the PRESS, within said Office GREETING:

By authority of the God of Musick, you are hereby commanded to summon A B C, Printer of the eighth number of said Port Folio, (present series) to appear before the High Court of the Muses, to be holden at Parnassus, at the 19th of Instant March; then and there to answer to Astolpho, of Griffin memory, in a plea of a case, whereupon the Plaintiff declares and says that sometime, during the course of the month last past he, the said Plaintiff duly forwarded to the office of said Port Folio a certain piece or parcel of poetry, (fairly written and in legible characters) being, and purporting to be an Imitation of an Italian Poem by Menzini: Which said piece or parcel receiving the approbation of the Editor, it then and there became the duty of the said A B C, to insert the same *verbatim:* Which, his said duty notwithstanding, he the said A B C, instigated by the spirit of blundering, and not having the fear of criticism before his eyes, did traiterously and maliciously change, alter, and endamage the same, in manner and form as follows, *viz.* in the 10th l. thereof, in lieu of "A heart that love's soft passion feels," as written in the original, he the said A B C did feloniously insert, "A heart that love of passion feels;" thereby much injuring the harmony and totally destroying the sense thereof; which is to the damage of the Plff. the sum of one hundred lines, for the recovery of which, with just costs of suit, the Plff. brings this action. Hereof fail not, but of this writ, with your doings thereon, make due return, according to law.

Dated at Helicon, this 7th day of March, in the year of Poetry 3328.

LONGINUS, *Jus. Quo.*

MISCELLANY.

The following very valuable communication was sent in manuscript, and in the guise of an original essay, but unless our memory be a very treacherous deceiver, we perused it many years ago, in a British Journal. However, it richly deserves preservation in The Port Folio, on account of the solidity of advice which it offers to those who are studying jurisprudence, with a view to eminence in a noble profession. The essay is entitled to great attention on another account. It is the production of one of the brightest luminaries of law.

SIR,

The habits of intercourse, in which I have lived with your family, joined to the regard which I entertain for yourself, makes me solicitous, in compliance with your request, to give you some hints concerning the study of the law.

Our profession is generally ridiculed as being dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the discovery of truth, and information, will be amply gratified by the toil in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence, which has the good of the *people* for its basis, and the ac-

cumulated wisdom and experience of ages for its improvement. Nor is the study itself so intricate as has been imagined, more especially since the labours of some modern writers have given it a more regular and scientifick form. Without industry, however, it is impossible to arrive at any eminence in practice; and the man who shall be bold enough to attempt excellence by abilities alone, will soon find himself foiled by many who have inferior understanding, but better *attainments;* on the other hand, the most painful plodder can never arrive at celebrity by *mere reading*, a man calculated for success must add to native gegius, an instinctive faculty in the discovery and *retention* of that knowledge only, which can be at once useful and productive.

I imagine that a considerable degree of learning is *absolutely* necessary. The elder authours frequently wrote in Latin, and the foreign jurists continue the practice to this day. Besides this, classical attainments contribute much to the refinement of the understanding, and the embellishment of the style. The utility of grammar, rhetorick, and logick, are known and felt by every one. Geometry will afford the most apposite examples of close and pointed reasoning, and geography is so very necessary in common life, that there is less credit in knowing, than dishonour in being unacquainted with it. But it is *history*, and more particularly that of his own country, which will occupy the attention, and attract the regard of the great lawyer. A minute knowledge of the political revolutions, and *judicial decisions* of our predecessours, whether in the more ancient or modern eras of our government, is equally *useful* and interesting. This will include a narrative of all the material alterations in the *Common Law*, and the reason and exigencies on which they were founded.

I would always recommend a diligent attendance on the courts of justice, as by that means the *practice* of them (a circumstance of great moment) will be easily and naturally acquired. Besides this, a much stronger impression will be made on the mind by the statement of the case, and the pleadings of the counsel, than from a cold uninteresting detail of it in a report. But above all, a trial at bar, or a *special argument*, should never be neglected. As it is usual on these occasions to take notes, a knowledge of short-hand will give such a facility to your labours, as to enable you to follow the most rapid speaker with certainty and precision. Common-place books are convenient and useful; and as they are generally lettered, a reference may be had to them in a moment. It is usual to acquire some insight into real business under an eminent special pleader, previous to actual practice at the bar: this idea I beg leave strongly to second, and indeed I have known but a few great men who have not possessed this advantage.

I here subjoin a list of books necessary for your perusal and instruction, to which I have added some remarks, and wishing you may add to a successful practice that integrity, which alone can make you worthy of it,

I remain, &c.

Read Hume's History of England, particularly observing the rise, progress, and declension of the feudal system. Minutely attend to the Saxon government that preceded it, and dwell on the reigns of Edward I, Henry VI, Henry VII, Henry VIII, James I, Charles I, Charles II, and James II.

Blackstone. On the second reading turn to the references. Coke, Lyttleton—especially every word of Fee Simple, Fee Tail, and Tenant in Tail. Reports of Burrow, Term, and Peere Williams.—Paley's Maxims.

John Dunning

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

An English gentleman at New York has, in a very obliging manner,

communicated the ensuing elegant article for preservation in The Port Folio. We perused it, some time since, in an English paper, and from internal evidence as well as from common fame we are persuaded that it was the production of GEORGE CANNING, Esq., who is not less distinguished for his attainments in polite literature than for his diplomatick skill. At a very early age Mr. Canning, when at Eton, distinguished himself by a series of periodical essays which need not shrink from any comparison. He afterwards contributed to The Anti Jacobin, a work matchless in its kind, and his recent correspondence, as one of His Majesty's Ministers, is not more remarkable for correctness of sentiment than for the perspicuity, elegance and vigour of the style. Better specimens of the bureau manner of writing have not appeared. No, not since the era of My Lord Bolingbroke. With respect to the execution of the following poem it certainly is entitled to great praise. The pamphlet which contains it has run through five editions, and it contains a dedication and a biographical sketch which we have thought proper to preserve. Of the subject of the ensuing stanzas it is scarcely necessary for the Editor to dilate in commendation. When Mr. PITT triumphed over the Genius of Jacobinism he saved more than one country from total perdition. Eloquence and Energy were never more successfully excited than by this illustrious minister.

ELIJAH'S MANTLE;

BEING

VERSES

Occasioned by the death of that illustrious statesman

The Right Honourable

WILLIAM PITT.

Dedicated to the Right Rev.
THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN;

In testimony of the high sense which is entertained of his learning and his worth; and as the preceptor of that unrivalled patriot and preeminent character, the late Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT: this Poem is presented, with all possible respect and veneration, by his Lordship's most obedient, and most devoted servant,

THE EDITOR.

PREFACE.

Among the many illustrious characters in every age and country which have been held up to the admiration of posterity, by the genius of the poet, or the discernment of the historian, the name of that great statesman, the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT, will ever maintain a distinguished place. With the grandeur and prosperity of Britain, the mind, by an involuntary impulse, associates the talents of this extraordinary man; and in contemplating its splendour and its preeminence over other states, reflects with a degree of veneration, bordering on enthusiasm, on the vigour, integrity, and consummate abilities of the Minister to whom England is indebted for its present glory.

To endowments of the most elevated kind, and eloquence the most impressive, he united great intrepidity and unsullied probity of character. His speeches breathe sentiments of the purest patriotism; and all his views, his measures, and desires, were devoted to one grand and important object—to uphold the dignity—extend the power—and enlarge the commerce of this, his native isle.

In defending his country from the incursions of anarchy, and protecting its rights from being corrupted or destroyed, if, as pretended, he intrenched on the liberties of the subject, and added to the burthens of the realm, let it be recollected that he lived in times of uncommon difficulty, which demanded all the faculties of his great and enterprizing mind, all the resources of his superiour and vigorous intellect, to stem the torrent of principles which had hastened the downfall of neighbouring governments, and threatened to

bury, in one common ruin, everything which, as Britons, we had been taught to esteem. To his foresight, his vigilance, and his energy, we owe, perhaps, our very existence as an independent state. With a promptitude, a vigour which can never be sufficiently extolled, he crushed the seeds of revolt and disaffection—restrained the baneful effects of a contagious frenzy—frustrated the machinations of internal enemies, and repelled the ambition of an avowed and gigantick foe. But for the timely and spirited exertion of his prodigious powers, our laws had been subverted—our domestick comforts invaded—our property absorbed;—liberty had degenerated into licentiousness—subordination into disorder—truth had been exchanged for scepticism, and religion for infidelity.

With the exception of a few tranquil years, at the commencement of his brilliant career, when he established a system of finance, which is the theme of general eulogium, and brought the nation to a pitch of grandeur almost unparalleled, his administration was one continued scene of warfare, replete with great events and unprecedented occurrences. At the important crisis when, from the melancholy illness of the Sovereign, all appeared to anticipate a regency, his character shone with peculiar splendour. Then, solely actuated by his inviolable attachment to his King and country, he resisted the efforts of a party vehemently struggling for power, and preserved the empire from tumult and confusion. The revolution of France, so fatal in its consequences to the interests and happiness of Europe, generated a thousand evils, and gave birth to a series of calamities, which nothing but his matchless talents could have prevented from undermining the constitution, and feeding on the vitals of the kingdom. Still in every arduous trial, in every impending gloom, such was the confidence of all ranks and descriptions of persons in his fidelity to his Sovereign—in his zeal for the publick welfare—and in the ascendency of his genius, that they felt a conscious security against projects, however vast or stupendous, which menaced destruction to every well organized and civilized state. But to delineate his various excellencies would require a volume. Suffice it then to say, that having devoted the labours of an active life to the service of Great Britain; to reflect a lustre upon his character beyond the power of language to express, and to engrave his memory in the bosom of every Briton, he expired with this ejaculation of solicitude for its future glory, quivering on his lips;—

"O! MY COUNTRY!!!"

To depict his merits as a statesman, and his virtues as a man, various have been the effusions of the Muse. But among the numerous verses, which have appeared in testimony of his superlative talents, and commemorative of his irreparable loss, nothing can convey a more delicate compliment to his memory, or paint in stronger colours the preeminence of his abilities, than the poem of ELIJAH'S MANTLE. It is at once simple, dignified, classical, and correct,—and without any parade of learning,—or ostentatious display of poetical ornament, exhibits, in a strain of refined panegyrick, much erudition and good taste. The satire is poignant, but devested of coarseness and asperity—the allusions eminently happy—and the prominent features of the political characters whose conduct it would censure, admirably described.

To preserve, then, an anonymous production of such acknowledged merit, from sinking into that oblivion so frequently the lot of fugitive pieces, however ably written, or momentous the occasion to which they owe their existence, this poem is presented to the publick in a form suitable to the importance of the subject, and befitting its intrinsick worth. It will now, doubtless, be received with avidity into the library of every ad-

mirer of that immortal statesman, WILLIAM PITT, and gliding to posterity down the stream of time, partake a portion of his fame, and an emanation of his glory.

When by th' Almighty's dread command,
Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,
  Rose in the sacred flame,
His Mantle good Elisha caught,
And with the Prophet's spirit fraught,
  Her second hope became.

In PITT our Israel saw combin'd
The Patriot's heart—the Prophet's mind,
  Elijah's spirit here;
Now, sad reverse!—that spirit reft,
No confidence, no hope is left;
  For no Elisha's near.

Is there among the greedy band,
Who've seized on Power with harpy hand,
  And Patriot worth assume,
One on whom publick faith can rest—
One fit to wear Elijah's vest,
  And cheer the nation's gloom?

Grenville,—to aid thy Treasury fame,
A portion of his mantle claim,
  Pitt's generous ardour feel;
'Bove sordid self resolve to soar,
Amidst Exchequer gold be poor,
  Thy wealth—the publick weal.

Fox,—if on thee some remnant fall,
The shred may to thy mind recall
  Those hours of loud debate,
When thy unhallow'd lips oft prais'd
"The glorious fabrick" traitors rais'd
  On Bourbon's fallen state—

Thy soul let Pitt's example fire,
With patriot zeal thy tongue inspire,
  Spite of thy Gallick leaven;
And teach thee in thy latest day,
His form of prayer, (if thou canst pray)
  "*O, save my Country, Heaven!*"

Windham,—if e'er they sorrows flow
For private loss, or publick wo,
  Thy rigid brow unbend:
Tears over Cæsar, Brutus shed,
His hatred warr'd not with the dead—
  And Pitt was once thy friend.

Does Envy bid thee *not* to mourn?
Hold then his Mantle up to scorn,
  His well-earn'd fame assail;
Of funeral honours rob his corse,
And at his virtues, till thou'rt hoarse,
  Like curst Thersites rail.

But know that these ungenerous deeds,
As long as age to age succeeds,
  Shall prove thy glory's bane;
That noxious as the vernal blast,
Shall on thy blighted memory cast
  An everlasting stain.

Illustrious Roscius of the State,
New breech'd and harness'd for debate,
  Thou wonder of thy age!!!
Petty or Betty art thou hight
By Granta sent to strut thy night
  On Stephen's bustling stage!

Pitt's 'Chequer robe will Petty wear!
Take of his Mantle then a share,
  'Twill aid thy Ways and Means;
And should Fat Jack, and his Cabal,
Cry "rob us the Exchequer, Hal!"
  'Twill charm away those fiends.

Sage Palinurus of the realm!
By Vincent call'd to take the helm,
  And play a proxy's part;
Dost thou a star, or compass know,
Canst reef aloft—or steer below?
  Hast conn'd the seaman's chart?

No! from Pitt's Mantle tear a rag,
Enough to serve thee for a flag,
  And hoist it on thy mast:
Beneath that sign (our prosperous star)
Shall future Nelsons rush to war,
  And rival victories past.

Sidmouth,—though low his head be laid
Who call'd thee from thy native shade,
  And gave thee second birth;—
Gave thee the sweets of Power and Place,
The tufted robe—the gilded mace,
  And rear'd thy puny worth:

Think how his Mantle wrapp'd thee round;
Is one of equal virtues found
  Among thy *new* compeers?
Or can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,
Once laugh'd to scorn by blue and buff,
  Screen thee from Windham's jeers?

When Faction threaten'd Britain's land,
Thy new-made friends—a desperate band,
  Like Ahab—stood reprov'd;
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could check,
His counsel sav'd, midst general wreck,
  The Israel that he lov'd.

Yes, honour'd shade; whilst near thy grave
The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,
  The votive marble claim;
O'er thy cold corse—the publick tear
Congeal'd, a chrystal shrine shall rear
  Unsullied—as thy fame!!!

For the Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 166.)

As Horace was a philosopher as well as a poet, he attended always to morals except when his favourite vices stood in his way, and even for these sometimes to check

himself, and to have felt some transient fits of remorse—*Fabula quanta sui?* His Epicurean Philosophy appears also to have been sometimes staggered; and in one ode, he fairly renounces it, though it is evident, he returned to it afterwards. Few Poets have more or better moral sentences interspersed through their poems. What a pity that they should have been stained with indecencies, so that we are obliged sometimes to blush for our authour, and to decline explaining his sentiments, for fear of corrupting the imaginations of youth. Virgil is more sensible of propriety and decency, and, except in one Eclogue, we have no reason to blush for him. Horace appears to have been one of those men of pleasure, who either seem to reckon the confession of their vices a sufficient excuse for them, or even to glory in them, and defend them by the example of others. This was, in a great measure, the spirit of the times in which he lived, as we may learn from the example of Ovid, and the account that Suetonius has left us, of the life of Augustus. Horace displays a deep knowledge of human nature, and appears to have studied the Greek Philosophy with success. His Odes and Epodes comprehend all that variety of subjects that are thought proper for the Lyrick Muse. He augured the immortality of his own works, and exulted in the prospect of it. Friendship, love, politicks, raillery, devotion, flattery, history, mythology, and criticism, occupy his Muse by turns, and he never dwells too long on one subject. In his satires he uses what is called polite raillery, rather than indignant censure. He reproves men in that very manner in which they wish to be reproved, *i. e.* without being put out of humour with themselves or their vices. In this sort of composition he had no assistance from the Greek poets, as none of them thought of satire, except perhaps the writers of the old comedy, who exposed real and living characters on the stage. Horace did not approve of this practice, and therefore set a pattern of a more soothing mode of reproof, which represents vice rather as ridiculous than abominable or mischievous, and his example, though it wanted imitators among the ancients, has found both imitators and admirers among the moderns. Perhaps Horace's court delicacy was shocked at the asperity with which Lucilius, in a former age, had attacked the vices of his contemporaries, and run, which is not extraordinary, from the one extreme to the other, so that his satire often resembles flattery. Juvenal and Persius, who succeeded him in this line, followed the plan of Lucilius, and treated the vices of their countrymen with great asperity of language. It is pity that even those who reprove vices, should use indecent language, and imitate in so far, the vices they profess to censure. In Horace's Satires, however, we find many rational and moral observations, which constitute their chief merit. His Epistles comprehend a variety of subjects, and exhibit the character of a courtly and polite philosopher, anxious for his friends, grateful to his benefactors, and solicitous to support the character he had assumed. Horace was employed by Augustus to compose the hymn that was sung at the Secular Games or Jubilee of ancient Rome, in which we see nothing but prayers for the outward and temporal prosperity of the Roman Empire, with scarce anything of morals. The state prayers of the ancient *Pagans had no reference to the souls* of men, and perhaps Horace added the short petition, *Dii probos mores docilis juventæ*, of his own authority, and in conformity to the custom he observed in his odes. In both his Satires and Epistles he delivers many useful lessons and observations on human life. His Art of Poetry is a system of good sense and sound criticism, in which, without formality or solemnity, the rules of writing with propriety, either in prose or verse, are carefully and plainly laid down, and the contrary errours pointed out with judgment and accuracy. It is scarce to be wondered that in the last age students were obliged to commit the greatest part of this authour to memory, to fix in their minds a variety of moral precepts and instructive observations of human life, with which he abounds. The works of Horace have been the subject of much contention and disputation among his editors and commentators. No less than thirty thousand various readings have been discovered in the manuscript copies of this authour. One may be sure that they are not very important, when we consider with what ease the sentiment of the authour may be collected from the common reading. But a scrupulous exactness, that was perhaps necessary at the first publication of books from manuscripts, and the errour or humour of many transcribers, some of whom depended too much on their memory, have been sufficient to raise numerous contentions among the criticks, a race of men that have always been easily provoked to anger and foul language.

TERENCE was a Carthaginian captive, who became a slave to Terentius Lucanus, a nobleman of Rome, by whom he was introduced to the acquaintance of Scipio and Lælius, who were supposed by some to have assisted him in writing his comedies. This suspicion the poet himself mentions without contradicting it, and appears rather to boast of it, as doing him honour. The purity of Terence's Latin has been admired by all the criticks, even in his own time. When a dispute arose concerning

the propriety of a word in a publick inscription, we find Terence's authority quoted even against Cicero and Pompey, who certainly were no mean judges of their own language. It is not a little extraordinary that an African slave should have been able to rival the most learned and eloquent of the Romans in the propriety of the Latin language. Terence wrote a number of Comedies, of which only six are now extant, sufficient, however, to demonstrate the genius and ability of the authour. Menander was a favourite Greek comedian, and the Romans, who do not appear to have had any great inclination to dramatick poetry, were commonly content to translate Menander, either literally or with a few small variations. It is probable that Andronicus, Accius, and Nævius, followed this method strictly. Plautus adventured to invent for himself, but Terence professes to copy from Menander and Diphilus, of whom a few fragments only are now extant. Terence is famous for his simplicity, and the ease and beauty of his style in describing and exhibiting the human passions. Horace does justice to his merit, and professes himself his admirer. The lovers of antiquity will find the best description of Greek and Roman manners in the plays of Terence, as he copied exactly from nature, and seems to have despised all ornament of style. And those who would be acquainted with the nature of the human mind will likewise find their account in perusing him. It was acknowledged by the most sanguine admirers of Terence, that he wants the *vis comica*, and rather pleases and surprises his readers than provokes them to laughter. But the Romans were a very grave people, and the style that they most delighted in was the serious comedy, of which Terence is a bright example. Comedy, in their apprehension, was a faithful representation of the actions of common life, without any intention of exposing them to ridicule. Yet Julius Cæsar, in an epigram, still extant, acknowledges the defect of his favourite authour in this respect.

As the Romans had no fixed stage, they seldom applied themselves to Comedy, and though many distinguished persons among them wrote tragedies, to exercise their genius, and imitate the Greek Poets, it does not appear that they had the least intention of getting them acted, or even of making them publick. Pantomimes, consisting of action without language, engrossed the *admiration of the people*. Terence's comedies were acted on occasion of the great Games, *Ludi Megalenses*, and made a part of the entertainment of the people on that occasion.

Plays were considered in Rome as a Grecian luxury, or polite pastime, and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, though he lays down rules for dramatick compositions, and mentions what is proper for them, yet does not seem to consider them as anything more than occasional and innocent entertainments. It does not seem ever to have occurred to him that the stage was a school of virtue, a paradox which has taken its rise in modern times, and which would have been applied with much more propriety to the decent performances of the Greeks and Romans, than to that tissue of bawdry, ribaldry and blasphemy, that is reckoned the soul of dramatick composition in modern times.

Phædrus was a Thracian and likewise a slave, but he was happy in being the slave of the Emperour Augustus, who generously gave him his freedom, on discovering his abilities. Phædrus translated Æsop, as Terence did Menander, and obtained equal praise for purity of language. Shall we wonder that slaves should succeed in the art of pleasing, either by language or complaisance? Arbitrary government itself is supposed to contribute to the increase of politeness, as those who are entirely dependent have every reason to be attentive to please those who have them wholly in their power. The power of pleasing, in the slave, as in the weaker sex, is all their armour, and all their fortune. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that they should succeed best in a thing so necessary for them, and what is the only resource of their unhappy condition. As slaves dare not say what they think, they must be particularly careful to say what will be pleasing to those who hear them. Much of Phædrus, as well as of Terence, is lost, and our present copies contain only a few versions of those many fables that were attributed to Æsop. Phædrus's Latin is pure, and his style simple, and exceedingly proper for the subject he treats.

Aristotle observes that the Iambic verse was chosen as the most proper for dramatick poetry because it approaches the nearest to prose, for, says he, we utter many Iambicks, unwittingly, in conversation. If we might make a short digression in this place, that it is possible that men may, even unwittingly, utter rhyme, or a sort of verse, which seems to require great labour. St. Augustine in the beginning of a most grave and pious meditation. utters unwittingly two Leonine, or rhyming verses, which were much admired in the middle age. *Quisquis amas mundum, tibi prospice quo sit eundum.—Nam via qua vadis, via pessima, plenaque cladis.* But to return. Phædrus's verse is natural, easy, and such as one would think might be spoken without any premeditation. Like Terence, he pretends not to the honour of invention, and where he tries it, is extremely unhappy.

His talents were of the inferiour kind, and reached not to loftiness of sentiment, or grandeur of expression, but in his own sphere, of narrating perspicuously, expressing himself easily, and thinking justly, he may truly be said to excel; and as Morality is the great subject he has in view, he is most properly recommended to the perusal of youth.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Extracted from Poems by *somebody*.

DUBLIN, 12th, November, 1806.

ALL ALONE,

When others think me all alone
And Pleasure's mandate glad obey,
To breathe the Ball room's torrid Zone,
Till tapers fade in blushing day;

I, in my solitary *shades*
Far happier regions gayly trace;
Mazes more bright, where Fancy *leads*,
And scenes that lovelier beauties grace.

I plant a fairy garden bright,
I place each faded pleasure there,
And soon each wither'd, lost delight,
Revives in this enchanted air.

I careless rest at Fancy's feet,
And cull the flowers around her throne;
Lose all my soul in concord sweet;
Then think you, am I all alone?

I hear some well-remember'd strain,
Delightless now in Reason's hour,
But dearly priz'd in Memory's chain,
A golden link of magick power.

Some ancient tale of artless wo,
In touching tuneful numbers told;
Strains that have caused the tears to flow
From eyes long closed in slumbers cold.

Each form to recollection dear,
Each form that now I live to love,
Some that have even pressed the bier,
I place in this aerial grove.

I string my harp at Fancy's smile
Soon every earthly care is flown;
And while the hours I thus beguile,
Tell, tell me, am I all alone?

BONAPARTE.

The Emperour Napoleon rises early in the morning for he sleeps very little, not more than three or four hours a night. After having taken his coffee, of which he is very fond, as he never drinks less than thirty cups a day made very strong, he goes to his bath, the water of which is mixed with some medical preparation, to cure the effects of the impurity of his blood, which is visible upon his skin. As he never can be a moment idle, and makes the most of his time, he is attended by a person who understands the English language perfectly, and has the ability of translating it without hesitation into the French. He therefore reads the English newspapers to the Emperour, as if he had a French paper in his hands. This he calls his hour of amusement, and sometimes laughs at the absurdity and ignorance of the English writings as he calls their contents. The person who reads to him is instructed not to pass by any expressions, or to soften them; he must read as he meets them; for he likes to know what the enemy think and write of him. After having bathed, he dresses himself and goes to the chamber, where he has always some one to attend him; his ministers or officers have the preference, next his private secretary. He is called at the hour of dinner, and but half an hour is occupied with that meal, for he eats very little; and has almost never any appetite, on account of the quantity of coffee which he drinks from time to time.

In the afternoon he is as busy as in the morning, but allows himself, sometimes thrice a week, an hour, to go to some theatre or other; but it is never known when he goes, or which theatre he means to visit; he very seldom knows it himself till dinner time, when he inquires for the different plays which are to be given in the night. The Empress accompanies him always; she is fond of him, and he is very much attached to her. He is always attended by Rostan, a Mameluke, who is very much attached to him. He was a common man, whose family and relations suffered greatly in Egypt; Bonaparte, when in that country, took a fancy to him, and, after having proved his fidelity, employed him in his service; he raised him from time to time, and he is now a colonel. He is not only with him everywhere in the day time, but in the night is the nearest to his person. Madame Bonaparte does not sleep with him. Rostan sleeps before the door of his bed chamber, so that it is impossible it can be opened without disturbing him. When he is upon his post, the Emperour thinks him-

self safe; for he relies much more upon his Mameluke, than upon all the pages, guards and watchmen that are placed in the different avenues to his bed room.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's scull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to route;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword this country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that you know must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince Eugene.—
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the duke
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

TOBACCO

The Marrow of Compliments (London, 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco:—

Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed
That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe.

SHAKSPEARE.

The readers of Shakspeare do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increase in proportion as they study them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which, like the glorious orb of day, illumined the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakspeare needed not the spectacle of books to read Nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a passion nor an emotion, honourable or base—there is not a sigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, most correctly delineated and most clearly displayed, not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings—not only in their simple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his investigations on man, in his relation with society, is so clear and so evident, that it would "glimmer through a blind man's eyes." They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumstances, and embodied by fact and experience. *Anthology.*

THE OLD WEDDING RING.

I see, my dear, your wedding token
Is grown so thin, 'tis almost broken,
By days of service told;
Its alter'd form and weaken'd frame
Whisper that we shall be the same:
In short—we're growing old.

Tis now just two-and-twenty years,
Since with alternate hopes and fears
Our beating bosoms heav'd;
When at the altar's sacred base
This golden pledge of fond embrace
Was given and receiv'd.

Then was it polish'd, bright, and neat,
Its form a circle quite complete,
Stamp'd with the mark of truth:
So to the newly wedded pair
Each prospect seemed bright and fair;
The fond ideas of youth.

But we have found, and others must,
That joys are only joys on trust;
That troubles will accrue.
Still you and I should not complain,
For though we've had our share of pain,
We've had our pleasures too.

Can we forget those happy days,
When oft we join'd in sports and plays,
Our infants to delight?
Or when we turn'd th' instructive page,
Forming them in maturer age
"To do the thing that's right."

This was the solace and the balm
Of early life; and still the charm,
Maintains its glad'ning powers:
Though growing now to men's estate,
We see them come with hearts elate
To cheer our social hours.

As for this ring, we'll lay it by,
A new one shall its place supply,
And this no more adorn;
Except on days of festive note,
When your new gown and my best coat
For compliment are worn.

THE GAMES OF LIFE.

The little Miss at three years old,
Plays with Doll, and prattles;
But little Master stout and bold,
Plays with drums and rattles.

The boy, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
And plays with looking glasses.

The jolly toper, fond of fun,
Plays with his friends at drinking;
The sportsman plays with dog and gun,
And wise men play at thinking.

The beauty, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting;
But wrinkled, turns to other cares,
And sports at last repenting.

Wretched, from self-created wo,
The miser's game is hoarding:
And when he meets his country's foe,
The sailor plays at boarding.

The alderman with bloated face,
A glutton plays at eating;
And such as long to have a place
In Parliament—at treating.

With leger busied, merchants take
A game at calculation;
And ministers too often make
A plaything of the nation.

With looks profound, and thoughful mind,
Projectors play at scheming;
Till worn with care, at last they find
They've all along been dreaming.

The lover sad, and woful wan,
Plays day and night at fretting;
Whilst laughing at the silly man
His Delia sports coquetting.

Cowards, while none but cowards nigh,
Are fond of gasconading,
And courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,
And play at masquerading.

The lounger plays at killing time,
The soldier plays at slaying;
The poet plays at making rhyme,
The methodist at praying.

The player plays for wealth and fame,
And thus all play together;
Till death at last disturbs the game,
And stops the play *forever*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following lines, sent to a much loved friend of the authour, can afford you any amusement, accept them with the homage of my esteem and respect.

Bell' era e ne l'eta fiorita e fresca:
Quanto in piu gioventute en piu bellezza,
Tanto par ch' onestà sua laude accresca.
Trionfo della Fama.

Sweet girl, while care assails thy mind,
And all thy heart to grief resign'd,
Unconscious, heedless of the morrow,
Beats but in unison with sorrow:
Forgive the bard who pours the lay
Of tribute to this festive day.
No idle scenes of boisterous joy,
His numbers or his mind employ,
Ah no, the heart with grief oppress'd,
He fondly strives to sooth to rest,
And soft, the troubled soul to calm,
With Resignation's holy balm.
Sacred to him the hour of grief,
He sighs his wishes of relief,

And fondly striving to impart
The feelings of an honest heart,
He trembles as he grasps the lyre
And strikes, with timid hand, the wire.
How sweet to smooth the brow of Care
To chase the sorrows hov'ring there,
To pluck the thorn of grief away
And give each sweet emotion play:
To bid corroding Care depart,
And sooth to joy the aching heart:
A share in each misfortune claim
In Friendship's mild endearing name:
Oh could that sacred task be mine
I'd be with joy thy Valentine.

ASTOLPHO.

Valentine's day, 1808.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the enclosed will answer for a vacant column of The Port Folio, it is at your service.

To her who alone can comprehend it.

——Tutto e' menzogna.

GUADINI.

Near Housatonick's winding stream,
Secure from Summer's sultry beam,
I chose a sheltered mild retreat,
Upon a soft and verdant seat.
With ——— at my side,
In youthful beauty's glowing pride.
While friendship's joys our bosoms warm,
She fair reclined upon my arm,
I fondly whispered, Love, behold,
The glowing sky is ting'd with gold,
The sun his fiery chariot laves,
Beneath the western ocean's waves,
The noon day heats have pass'd away,
And soft the evening breezes play.
The early Lark has gone to rest,
And the wood Robin seeks his nest,
The shades assume a deeper hue,
And the wide landscape fades from view.
Oh! look around you, nature see,
Tun'd to love and harmony.
Soft she reclin'd, her glowing cheek
The crimson blushes eager seek:
While I in flowing accents strove,
To move her tender heart to love.
Arise my dear, my fair one see,
The power of love has vanquished me,
In vain I long have strove to part
Your much-lov'd image from my heart;
In vain with friendship's joys elate,
I strove to rule ungovern'd fate,
And Reason oft in vain has told,
The attempt tooh igh, too daring bold.
All-powerful Love the day has won,
And all his warmest fires I own,
My heart I pledge you past recall,
Oh, deem not such a tribute small,
'Tis generous, ardent, firm, and true,
Believe me, love, 'tis worthy you.
Then take the wand'ring fugitive,
And thine in ample payment give,
Come then sweet girl, oh! don't deny,
The joys mild beaming in thine eye.
But let me in these arms enfold thee,
And to my panting bosom hold thee;
Oh let me on thy lips impress,
One tender, glowing, burning kiss.
No, no, she cried, yet sweetly smiled,
And Hope's soft beams my soul beguil'd.
Oh then what joys those smiles impart,
As fond I clasp'd her to my heart,
Our lips in amorous transport met,
Oh heaven, methinks I feel it yet.
While often through the waving air,
I breathe an anxious, trembling prayer,
That such impassion'd scenes of joy,
May every future hour employ.

ASTOLPHO.

For The Port Folio.

To ——, Eliza

Dear girl! for whom each closing night,
I drop the mournful tear,
Again, oh! bless my anxious sight,
Still thy vision hover near.

Let thy fair form yet gild my dreams,
Once more illume those eyes;
Cheer me again with their bright beams,
E'en now thy lover dies.

Ah no! our blissful days are past,
And I must cease to love;
My nights with gloom are overcast,
Soon, soon I'll cease to love.

SEDLEY.

For the Port Folio.

The following ballad, which the authour entitled "The Resolute Maid, or the Miser well treated," was suggested by a comick scene in a French translation of one of the eccentrick plays of Lopez de Vega, the celebrated Spanish dramatist, and was written to divert the *tædium* of the time whilst ascending the beautiful stream of the Wabash, during a voyage to Vincennes. It is hoped that the authour intended his heroine (who after having *wedded* the Miser in obedience to the commands of her father, resolves never to give him her affections and finally elopes with her lover) rather as an instance of the probable effects of such horrible sacrifices on the altars of avarice, than as a pattern for the imitation of the unhappy vic-

tims; for no "tyranny of circumstances" can induce a *woman of honour* to deviate from the path of rectitude, though it may be planted with thorns or rugged with precipices.

Should Nature's frame in ruin fall,
And chaos o'er the sinking ball,
  Resume primeval sway,
Her courage, chance, and fate defies,
Nor can the wreck of earth and skies
  Obstruct her destined way."

LESBIA.

Multa putans, fortemque animo miseratus iniquam.

VIRGIL.

Miser, cease, nor hope to win me,
Age and care frown on thy brow;
  Cupid whispers still within me,
Bids recall th' unwilling vow.

Bars of steel shall ne'er restrain me,
Love hath long defied their power;
  Not thy heaps of gold shall gain me,
Venus ruled my natal hour.

Henry, graceful, youthful, blooming,
Vowed my virgin charms to wed;
  A father, tyrant-power assuming,
Forc'd me to thy hated bed.

Love and Henry smil'd upon me,
Ah! his name my bosom warms;
  Wretch, think not thy riches won me,
What is wealth to Henry's arms?

His cheek with gen'rous valour glowing,
His brow, where youth and beauty join,
  His hair in golden tresses flowing,
His form—how faultless! how divine!

With him I'd smile in humble station,
With him could break the barren clod,
  With him would roam thro' every nation
Or where no human foot hath trod.

Not thy sighs thy am'rous languish,
E'er shall gain me to be true;
  Not thy soul's pretended anguish,
Not the wealth of famed Peru.

Cease then, wretch, nor hope to win me,
Cease, thy arts, thy sighs are vain,
  Cupid lives, he lives within me,
Bids me all thy arts disdain.

Am'rous God, oh! haste, relieve me,
And make thy wily weapons mine;
  No more shall Hymen's torch deceive me,
God of enchantment! I am thine.

Henry come, with wild emotion,
Thy Emma seeks her Henry's arms;
  Come, we'll fly beyond the ocean,
Where Love reigns free from Wealth's alarms.

INDIANUS.

March 11, 1808.

For the Port Folio.

TO JULIA.

Oh, cheer again that clouded brow,
  And turn away those scornful eyes;
Anger will chill the kindly glow,
  That on thy cheeks so sweetly rise.

See, Julia, see! my wo-fraught tear,
  It falls in sorrow's strain;
Thy words, sweet girl, were too severe,
  Ah, softly sooth thy lover's pain.

Couldst thou believe, too lovely fair!
  That one who liv'd but in thy smile,
Who daily kiss'd that pledge, thy hair,
  Had practis'd base Deception's guile?

Then shun the mean *intruder's* art,
  That with pale Envy's treach'rous hand,
Would cheat thy unsuspecting heart,
  And rudely sever Love's soft band.

SEDLEY.

MERRIMENT.

Two village sportsmen discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed, that the cause of it was an accident in his having run against a waggon; to which the other, affecting not to understand him, very archly replied, "why, what else was he fit to run against?"

A gentleman meeting his gamekeeper returning from shooting, asked him where he had been "I have been trying Drayton wood, your honour." "Why, what took you that way?" "Please your honour, I went to attend my poor wife's funeral at Drayton this morning, so I thought I'd try the cover as I came back."

A jockey once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatick earnestness, that "he was an *honest* horse." After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller," "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

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